

T H E

COUP DE MAIN,

O R, T H E

AMERICAN ADVENTURERS;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

AS IT WAS ACTED

AT THE NEW THEATRE IN DUNDEE,

By His Majesty's Servants, from the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

WRITTEN BY A. M'LAREN, DUNDEE.

QUEQUE IPSE VIDI—*Virgil.*

P E R T H :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR; AND SOLD BY MESS. MORE, NICOL,
AND MILN, DUNDEE; AND BY R. MORISON AND SON, PERTH.

MDCCLXXXIV.

*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Captain CONVICT,	Mr TANNET.
Justice FICKLE,	Mr MOUNTFORT.
Captain LOVEWELL,	Mr SUTHERLAND.
Lieutenant M'INDUSK,	Mr J. BLAND.
Doctor LA' MORT,	Mr SPARKS.
SAMBO,	Mr DAVIES.
TERENCE O'BRALLACHAN,	Mr BELL.

WOMEN.

PHŒBE,	Mrs HENDERSON.
LUCY,	Mrs SPARKS.
Madamoiselle LE BLOND.	Mrs MILLS.

BRITISH and AMERICAN SOLDIERS,

SCENE, A few Miles from PHILADELPHIA.



P R O L O G U E

WRITTEN BY G. SUTHERLAND, COMEDIAN.

*T*O Night a vent'rous Bard unknown to Fame,
A Farce produces, call'd the COUP DE MAIN.
A Coup de Main! an upstart Witling cries;
Gads curse me! but it raises my surprise,
Authors unknown should venture so to soar.
What think you, Sir? Is't not a monstrous Bore?
Must we be pester'd with such wretched stuff!
Then shew'd his teeth, and took a pinch of snuff.
Pray, do you know him, Sir? ey! what's his name?
And what's the meaning of his Coup de Main?
—I'll tell you, Sir—your laughter pray restrain;
Some recent facts will help me to explain
The force and nature of a Coup de Main.
When our brave Elliot made his fortè good,
Destroy'd the Spanish lines, and burnt their wood,
The whisker'd Dons, astonish'd, all exclaim,
O St Jago! what a Coup de Main!
His red hot balls their more than wonder raise,
To see their bomb-proof vessels in a blaze,
Tho' deem'd secure, they felt the kindling flame;
And Europe echo'd back the Coup de Main.
When gallant Rodney made de Grasse to yield,
And forc'd the French to fly o'er Neptune's field,
Monsieur at Paris shrugg'd, and cry'd, alas!
This Rodney's Coup de Main's a Coup de Grasse.
Need I repeat the attack of hot D'Estaing?
Who felt Prevost's determin'd Coup de Main.
Will these allusions, learned Sir, content ye?
Or shall I draw you more—no, these are plenty.
To night, our Author means with humble aim,
A hardy point to try, for public fame;
Unvers'd in criticism's stern rigid laws,
From nature all his Characters he draws,
Rude sketches he allows—but hopes that you
Will take them in a friendly point of view;
If he your kind indulgence shall attain,
Your marks of favour are the COUP DE MAIN.

T H E
COUP DE MAIN.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *The Justice's House.*

Captain CONVICT.

WELL, 'tis a glorious thing to be an officer—a Commission in the army is almost as honourable as a seat in Congress; but what pleases me most, is the fair prospect it gives me of marrying the beautiful Phoebe; for I hope, this night, or at least to morrow morning, will make me happy in the possession of that fair girl. (*Enter Justice.*) Your most humble servant Mr Justice.

Just. Your most obedient, Sir.

Capt. Well Sir, how stands your fair daughter affected yet?

Just. Indeed Sir, I am sorry to say, that she still continues her regard to that Captain Lovewell, the British officer, who was our prisoner last year.

Capt. I'm afraid Sir, the impression is too deep to be erased.

Just. The impression! Fiddle-sticks! Captain, a young girl's heart is like a school-boy's slate; one scholar blots out what another has set down, then writes whatever he pleases himself; So Captain have at her, and I'll warrant you'll soon bring her to hear reason.

Capt. Well, well, Sir, I'll try what I can do; we military gentlemen are never at a loss for a proper subject to entertain the ladies with; but pray, Sir, do you think that Doctor La'Mort will come to grace my nuptials with his presence?

Just. Indeed, I hope so; besides, Sir, I expect one Mr O'Brallachan, an Irishman, for whom I have engaged to procure a commission.

Capt. O dear Sir, I wish I could see him.

(*Knocking at the door.*)

Capt. Come in.

Enter

Enter O'Brallachan.

O'Bral. Your servant Justice, you see I'm a man of my word, for I'm come to see you two days sooner than I promised.

Just. I'm very glad to see you Mr O'Brallachan.

O'Bral. Is it Mr O'Brallachan you say? by my conscience now, I thought it would be Captain or General O'Brallachan by this time, but I find you have not got my commission yet.

Just. No, indeed, Sir, but I expect it every day.

O'Bral. Well, well, that is right, but pray who is he, this gentleman, Mr Justice?

Just. O Sir, this is Captain Convict.

O'Bral. Is it Captain Convict you say? by my troth, a very gentail fort of a man; and how do you do? a chuis le machrie! I was told what sort of a gentleman you was before I heard of you at all.

Capt. Dear Sir, I am eternally yours; and I hope before five days are expired your commission will come.

O'Bral. Well, do you mind me my dear, I'll tell you what I'll do now, I'll wait with patience for five days, and if it does not come then, by my conscience, I'll set off and join the regulars this very night at Philadelphia.

Just. Well Mr O'Brallachan, but you must come and taste my grog.

O'Bral. With all my heart, but you must first hear the song I have in *praise of your daughter*.

Just. Another time, another time, if you please, Mr O'Brallachan.

O'Bral. No, no, the devil a yard of my foot shall leave this house, till you hear it; it was first made by Paddy O'Shannon the noggin-maker, and I afterwards made it myself again; and altered it to my own mind; and here it goes, to the tune of the Pearl of the Irish nation.

A I R I.

Pearl of the Irish nation.

With coal black hair, she's handsome and fair,

She shines like a golden statue;

She's smooth as the silk, as white's butter-milk,

And her breath's like a roasted potatoe.

If I live but this way, ten years and a day,

I'll die with grief e'er to-morrow;

A 3

And

THE COUP DE MAIN.

*And when I am gone; I'll write on my stone,
That I died with grief and sorrow.*

(Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Phœbe and Lucy.

Lucy. Dear Ma'am, what makes you look so dull? I fear you are not well.

Phœb. Indeed, Lucy, I am not well; and yet my father not only despises the proper remedy, but would force upon me that nauseous drug of his own prescribing, that hateful Captain, whose very sight turns my heart, and increases my malady.

Lucy. Indeed Ma'am, I think your father is an old fool, (begging your pardon Ma'am) does he think that you can so easily forget the handsome Captain Lovewell, tho' he's an enemy to your country.

Phœb. Ah, Lucy, what has my heart to do with their differences and war?

AIR II.

Birks of Invermay.

*Had he been born a rural swain,
And I a nymph on yonder plain,
To feed our flocks; and distant far,
From idle pomp and noisy war;
In harmless mirth and rustic play,
Our happy hours should pass away;
Unknown to fame; from trouble free;
What mortals could more happy be?
Or were he but a little thrush;
And I his mate in yonder bush;
No painful thought should haunt our grove;
Nor cruel parents cross our love.
But tho' I'm doom'd to grief and pain,
My heart shall constant still remain;
And in soft raptures daily glow,
For him who is my country's foe.*

Lucy. Indeed Miss Phœbe, I think you're rather too simple; had it been my case—

Phœbe. What would you have me to do, Lucy?

Lucy. Do! Ma'am! why, I would have you to trust your affairs to me, I would show you how I would manage matters;

THE COUP DE MAIN.

tters; but because I'm a poor servant, you think I have no wit to manage an intrigue. But la! la! Ma'am, you are sadly mistaken in your poor Lucy, if you think such things of her, I can assure you.

A I R III.

Allanwater.

*What tho' no learning fills my head,
Yet don't despise my wit, dear Madam;
For Eve could neither write nor read,
When she deceiv'd old father Adam.
If Eve so wise was found to be,
Who knew no more than nature taught her;
What then must you expect from me,
Her well experienc'd little daughter?*

Now, Ma'am, for a specimen of what I can do, take this advice from me; when Captain Convict comes to torment you again, speak sharp and impertinent to him, for there is nothing in the world a man hates more, than to hear a woman use her tongue with freedom. O La! Ma'am, if you had a little of my pertness mixt with your good nature.

Phæb. Prithee, keep it to thyself, Lucy; you may have occasion for it all, however, if Captain Convict comes to molest me again, I am resolv'd to treat him in a different manner from what I have done heretofore.

Lucy. Then let me die an old maid, but here he comes then.

Enter Captain Convict.

Capt. Your most humble servant, madam.

Phæb. My Servant, O fie, Sir, I thought that your country required your Service; and if it does, why should you offer it to me who have not the least occasion for it.

Capt. My country, to be sure madam, requires it, but we military gentlemen, at intervals pay our devoirs to the fair.

Phæb. Then Sir, I wou'd advise you to let war alone possess your affections.

Capt. Ah! madam, what is war if favour'd by your smiles, I wou'd despise every danger.

A I R IV.

*Honor loudly calls upon me
To some glorious seat of arms;*

Love

*Love that has almost undone me,
Binds me to my fair one's charms.*

*'Twixt my love of fame and duty,
What expedient can I find ;*

*Let my arm pursue my duty,
But my heart shall stay behind.*

But dear madam, I think you seem very short to-day.

Phœb. Indeed, Sir, I must own that I am none of the tallest, and yet I am pretty well content with my stature.

Capt. But Miss Phœbe, I must tell you that I had your father's permission, to come and pay the respect which I owe your pretty person.

Phœb. Then, Sir, you have my permission to go and tell my father, that my pretty person is so generous as to forgive you that debt.

Capt. Dear miss Phœbe, why shou'd you torment me so, you know that my happiness depends upon you entirely.

Phœb. Well, Sir, if I may believe that you are serious, let me beg leave to ask you, what obligation I lye under to you, that I should render myself miserable, in order to make you happy? would not this be carrying my complaisance too far think you.

Capt. Then, madam, since you are resolved to listen to no reason, I hope your father's authority—

Phœb. O dear kind Sir, I understand you.

A I R V.

Gilderoy.

Oh must I be, ye powers above,

Condemn'd to such a fate?

Must I forsake the man I love,

And wed the one I hate?

If 'tis decreed I must obey,

Then grant me wit to plague his life ;

That he may curse the fatal day,

He sought me for a wife.

(Enter O'Brallachan with a mug of grog.)

O'Bral. O fire, and 'ounds! clear the way there, by my Shoul, the Justice keeps the best rum—mannum an deaul, if I don't think every drop of this rum is good whisky—Oh! your servant Miss Phœbe, will you drink success to my Commission when I get it.

Phœb.

Phob. I beg to be excus'd, Sir, I cannot drink grog.

O'Bral. A chuis le machrie ! can't you taste it now.

Phob. Really Sir, I cannot.

O'Bral. By my conscience, you may let it alone then, but if ever I am made an officer, I'll have the Congress to pass an act of parliament, to force young ladies to drink grog.

A I R VI.

Fye let us a' to the Bridal.

'Tis grog that banishes sorrow,
And cheers up my heart when it's sunk ;
If I can beg, steal, or borrow,
Ne'er fear but I'll always be drunk.
When grog is well mixt and made ready,
The miser forgets all his pelf ;
And if you don't like it fair lady,
By my Shoul I will drink it myself.

Captain will you taste it ?

Capt. O yes Sir, by all means. (*Captain Convi& takes a long draught ; O'Brallachan looks impatiently at him ; puts up his hand two or three times half way to seize the Tankard.*)

O'Bral. (*Looking into the Tankard*) By St Patrick ! taste it with a vengeance ! I don't know whether it was good manners or inclination made you dip so deep in my dish, but one thing I know, you have left none in the tankard.

Enter Justice running.

Just. Come, come, neighbour, I swear it wan't fair of you, to run away with the tankard, when I lay sleeping by the side of the stove, by the life of Pharaoh.

O'Bral. Faith and troth, there's your can full of grog quite empty ; your friend the Captain has lick'd it out very decently ; however I'll go and fish for another. (*Exit.*)

Just. Well, well, never mind—But Captain, I have a piece of bad news for you.

Capt. Pray what's that, Justice ?

Just. Why, Sir, as I past through the hall, I heard it whisper'd, that Lieut. M'Indusk, with his piquet, is taken prisoner.

Capt. What ! is the news confirm'd ?

Just. No, no, Sir, there's a probability that it may be false—but how comes my daughter on ?

Capt.

Capt. Upon my word, Sir, the lady either despises, or affects to despise my passion.

Just. The devil she does—I must examine into this affair I find—come here, Phoebe, now tell me what is the reason that you treat this gentleman with so much indifference? have not I told you over and over again, that he must be your husband? but I find you will still continue your affection for that Love-well.

Phœb. Dear papa, why must I marry Captain Conviſt, when another poſſeſſes my heart?

Just. Poſſeſſes your heart! did ever mortal hear ſuch ſtuff? but, I'll make a cloſe room and bread and water bring you to your ſenſes; for while you are in love, you're in a ſtate of madneſs.

Capt. Well, well, never mind Juſtice, but I have ſeen the time when I could boaſt of better ſucceſs among the ladies, if my Sambo was here, he cou'd tell you ſome of my adventures to a hair—odds my life! and here he comes. (*Enter Sambo.* well Sambo, do you remember the adventure I had with the ladies in Philadelphia.

Sambo. Yes, maſſie, and damn' venture it was too.

Capt. Well, tell the Juſtice the affair with the lady in water-ſtreet—now take notice of this, Juſtice, (*touching him with his elbow and winking*.)

Sam. Fancy you mean old wife and young miſſie, break your noſe with laddle.

Capt. *Stopping Sambo's mouth,* O confound you; I don't mean that affair you rascal—and even then, did not I reſent that affront—did'nt I? (*lifts up his fiſt*.)

Sam. O yes, maſſie, you draw your ſword; but ſhe knock you down with pockar.

Phœb. Alas! poor Captain, did ſhe break your noſe with the laddle? ha, ha, ha.

Lucy. Poor unfortunate warrior! did ſhe knock you down with the pockar, ha, ha.

Capt. I'll ſpeak to you bye and bye, ladies; as for you, Sir, get out of my ſight—but ſtop, you Cannibal, do you hear me, you brute, go this inſtant to the taylor, and tell him to ſend my regimental coat; he'll find me in my room, where I intend to write this afternoon, ſo go, and let that mend your ſpeed. (*Kicks him.*)

Sam. Vell, vell, maſſie, dis very fine,

(*Exit.*
Capt.

Capt. Now, Sir, do you see how that rascal behav'd ; but bye and bye, I'll tell you all the particulars of that story.

Just. Very well, Sir—ha! here comes Mr M'Indusk.

Enter Lieutenant M'Indusk.

Capt. Mr M'Indusk, I'm told your piquet is taken by the enemy.

Lt. M'In. We'el I wat, ye're no far wrang, they were na friends that is sure enough.

Capt. But how did you escape then ?

Lt. M'In. Hoot awa' man, ye ken it's a fair battle where a' man's slain.

Capt. But I suppose you have forgot the design of your expedition, don't you know that you were sent to watch the motions of the enemy ?

Lt. M'In. Weel, weel, Sir, I grant a' that, but ye ken, that mony ane has gane out for woo' and came hame shorn themselves for a that.

Capt. Most insolent—I tell you, Sir, that you are a cowardly fellow, that if your conduct had been as commendable, as your language is impertinent, we had not sustain'd this loss.

Lt. M'In. Cowardly ! by my Saul, I wadna redd a better fallow to tell me sic a tale ; but I was no coward, Sir, when I fought against the French fifteen years ago, if dead men cou'd tell tales, ye wad hear that I did'na wear my heart under my heel mair than other folk.

A I R VII.

Johnney's gray breeks.

Nae danger e'er could fear me ;

In fighting I took pleasure then,

Whene'er my foes came near me,

My courage had nae measure then ;—

I cut and slash'd, and knock'd and dash'd ;

Made lanthorns' chofits to rattle then ;

And weel I wat, poor mothers grat,

And wish'd I'd ne'er to battle gane ;

O' the braid sword that I did swing,

Nae man could hae bereft me then ;

But when I fought against my king,

My courage a' had left me then ;

For on the plain my countrymen

I met with secret terror, Sir,

My

*My native land keeps back my hand,
Since now I ken my error, Sir.*

Just. Hush, here our French Doctor comes, by the life of Pharaoh.

Enter Doctor La Mort.

Doct. Your most humble serviteur, Gentlemen, ah ! Mademoiselle ! I'm your humble slave—*une folie fille ma foi.* (*Aside.*

Just. O my dear Doctor, how proud am I to have the honour to see you under my roof ?

Doct. Thank you Monsieur.

Just. I hear the King of France makes great preparations for war.

Doct. By gar dat's true, and we brush up de jacket of Jack Roast Beef.

Lt. M^cIn. What's that you say, you French whelp, of roast beef of auld England ? you should dight your gab afore you speak o' sic things. Roast Beef ! indeed, my troath, I believe a bit guid roast beef would be a bra' daintas in your father's house ; for well I wat the ugly wiffend face o' you does no' kythe as gin e'er ye had been fash'd wi' muckle o't.

Doct. Parbleu ! me tella you dat you be de one impertinent gentleman.

Lt. M^cIn. Impertinent ! dinna begin to gie me ony o' your brooked language, Sir, or deil speed me but I'll let you ken that you hae got the wrang sowl by the lug, for a' that ye caper about like an auld ape wi' a bit shabble o' a sword at your rump.

Capt. Mac M^cIndusk, this is intolerable, I insist upon your begging the Doctor's pardon.

L. M^cIn. Wha, me beg his pardon ! by my faul, that day that I beg a Frenchman's pardon, you may expect to see twa Suns in the list ; na, na, it may weel come to hose, but I hope it will ne'er come to hoggars wi us.

Capt. Hollo, a Serjeant here. (*Enter a Serjeant.*) Take this gentleman into custody till further orders.

L. M^cIn. Hegh, Sirs, what a wark about naething ; muckle crying and little woo, quoth the de'il when he clipit the sowl.

(*Exit with the Serjeant.*)

Enter O'Biallachan drunk, with a mug of grog, and sings.

'Tis grog that banishes sorrow,

By my shoul Captain, I'll take care that you shan't dispatch this canfull as you did the last. Fire and wounds ! now, is this

this the parly vow Frenchman? By my conscience, I've seen the day when I would think no great harm to come over your nappercafe.

Just. O fie, Mr O'Brallachan don't you know that the Doctor has brought your commission?

O'Bral. Then I'll drink to him. (*Drinks and falls down.*) Where's my commission now you thieves?

Just. You shall have it Sir—But you must wait till we get it first though. (*Aside.*)

Capt. Come gentlemen, help me to my room with him, and let him get a sleep.

Just. Ay, ay, in with him.

(*They carry him off.*)

O'Bral. Where's my commission?

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Doctor La Mort and Captain Convict.

Capt. Dear Doctor, this stubborn girl takes every opportunity to vex me. What advice do you give me in this critical affair?

Doct. By gar, Monsieur, me teach a you how to manage your petite amour, in the a la mode de France; and me go chapeau bras to de Lady, and use all my eloquence to make her favor monsieur le Capataine.

Capt. Then Doctor, I trust this affair to your own judgment, so farewell a little. (*Exit.*)

Doctor solus.

By gar me be glad you trust me with dis affair; for me court de Lady, and take her to myself, as my master de king of France vill take de whole country; and dis house be mine, and dis plantation be mine. Ah, Monsieur La Mort you have de head and de brain.

SCENE IV.

Lieutenant M'Indusk in the guard-house, with two letters on a table.

Well, I see there's naething but ups and downs in this world.—Yesterday I was an officer at the head of five and twenty men, and now I'm cramm'd up here like a book in a kavie, and darna gang o'er the door without a sentry at my tail; but it canna be helped, we man make the best we can o' an ill bargain. Thae twa letters I'll send awa' the tane to that hair-brain'd fellow the Captain, to flatter him to set me

at liberty, and the tother to my auld friend O'Brallachan to engage him to assist me in making my escape.

A I R VIII.

Auld lang syne.

The wi bit pretty warbling Thrush,

Wha did our hearts engage,

Laments the pleasures o' the bush

When lock't up in a cage.

His tuneful notes are a' forgot,

Till time shall reconcile

His breast to his unhappy lot,

Nae pleasure can be feel.

Like his my soul shall rove abroad,

Tho' here I ly confin'd.

With iron they may my body load,

But canna chain my mind.

Then flee awa' each trifling pain

My heart to mirth incline,

In hopes to be as free again

As I was ance lang syne.

Enter Sambo.

Lt. M^rIn. Come awa' my black friend: Will you gang an errand for me? Gin ye do, I'll may be mind your Christmas Box, though I'm a prisoner here; for do ye see, every dog has his ain day, and sae will I yet.

Sam. Ay massa, me vill go.

Lt. M^rIn. Weel give this letter to the Captain, and this to Mr O'Brallachan.

Sam. Very vell massa.

(Exit Sambo.)

Scene drops.

SCENE V.

Phœbe and Doctor La Mort following.

Doct. Ah Madamoiselle, vill, you please to hear me speak van vord?

Phœb. Have you any business with me Sir?

Doct. By gar Madam, me be proud to follow you tode grave.

Phœb. Indeed Sir, you need not follow me half so far, for I want no more of your attendance, I can assure you.

Doct. Vill, vill, Madam, vill you allow me to intercede for de Capataine?

Phœb.

Phab. I want to hear nothing of the Captain, if you believe me, Sir.

Doct. Parbleu! Mademoiselle! not of the Capataine! do you not love de Capataine? de fine gentleman! (*Aside.*) E-gad I believe not, now is my time, as de old proverb say, *il le faut battre le fer, quand il est chaud.* Oh! Madam, you be de fine Lady, your finger vite like de lillie, and your cheek like de rose, by gar, me be proud to die for such a fine lady.

Phab. O dear Sir, you're rather too lavish in my praise.

Doct. Oh! Pardonnez moi! mademoiselle, I did not say half enough.

Phab. You did, indeed, Sir, and rather too much, I can assure you, so let's have no more of it.

Doct. Ah! Madam, will you allow me—

Phab. Yes, indeed, Sir, to go about your business.

Doct. Den, Madam, my business is here.

Phab. I beg your pardon, Sir, if that's the case, 'tis proper that I should retire, and not interrupt you. (*Runs off.*)

Doct. By gar me vill follow, pardie me! vill follow; de Frenchman toujours follow ven de enemy retreat. (*Exit Doctor.*)

SCENE VI. *Before the door.*

Sambo and the Taylor meeting; the Taylor carrying a regimental coat.

Sam. Ecod, massa, you come at last.

Tayl. Yes, friend, is the captain within?

Sam. Yes, yes, massa, me show you the door; you knock, and he say, come in.

Tayl. I have not the happiness to know his honour; must I use much ceremony with him?

Sam. No, no, massa, you come, me show you dozy. (*Exeunt.* *The back Scene opens and discovers O'Brallachan as if new awake.*)

O'Brak. Faith and troth, this is very strange; drunk I was to be sure, when I lay down, but whether they told me my commission was come, or if I dream'd it, I cannot say.

Enter Taylor.

Tayl. Your servant, Captain.

O'Brak. Is it Captain, you say?

Tayl. Yes, Sir, are not you the Captain?

O'Brak. By my conscience, I can't say. Who told you I was a Captain?

Tayl. Upon my word, Sir, you're very merry I think. Your servant sent me into the room to you.

O'Bral. Devil fire you, my dear, and have I a servant too? I thought I had dream'd it—now, what do you want with me, my jewel?

Tayl. I'm sent by my master with your new coat; will you please to try it on?

O'Bral. A chuis le machrie! you're rather too kind to come before I sent for you.

Tayl. O Sir, don't you know that you sent your servant for your coat, two hours ago?

O'Bral. Two hours ago.—O perhaps I did; but do you mind me, what time did your master take my measure?

Tayl. He took it yesterday morning, Sir, and you ordered it to be ready to day.

O'Bral. By my troth, your master was very kind to obey my orders before I bade him; for I thought I was only to give orders for it to-morrow; but stop my dear—now, I've found it out: perhaps I have slept here a whole day, and if I did, then it must be to-morrow already. Now, let me try on the coat. (*He tries it on.*) Faith and troth! you're a good taylor, and I'll recommend you to the Congress.

Tayl. Thank you, Sir, but you'll please to remember the price is—

O'Bral. The price is what? you blood of a bodkin! arra, do you think you thief, that I'm to bargain with you, like a pedlar, isn't it enough that I favour you with my custom, but you must have money too, you spalpeen you.

Tayl. O dear Sir, but you must really pay me though.

O'Bral. Pay you! by my troth I'll pay you. What do you think of this shilely, now? (*Beats him.*)

Tayl. O murder! murder! Save my life.

O'Bral. Out of my sight then you rogue.

(*Kicks him; he runs off.*)

Enter Captain Convi&t. O'Brallachan *flies to embrace him.*
O my dear Brother-Officer, you're welcome to my arms.

Capt. Where got you that coat, O'Brallachan?

O'Bral. Is it O'Brallachan you say? Can't you call me Captain, as I did you, my Jewel?

Capt. Where did you get that coat? answer me that question.

O'Bral.

O'Bral. The devil give you knowledge, then, since you are after being so snappish.

Capt. Put off that coat, Sir. (*Offering to pull it off.*)

O'Bral. Is it put off the coat you say?

Capt. Yes, this is my coat, I tell you.

O'Bral. Arra! do you think a great knock on the pate would be of any service to you? Now, by my conscience, you shall have it then, if you don't leave off immediately, you thief of the world.

Capt. Do you think I'll bear this usage, O'Brallachan? (*Drawing.*)

O'Bral. My jewel, I'll make you repent that you drew your sword; a chuis le machrie! do you then take care of your nappercase. (*They fight; O'Brallachan knocks him down, and takes his sword.*) Now, lie still my dear, or else I'll knock you down as dead as ever you was born.

Enter Justice.

Just. What in the name of wonder is the meaning of all this?

O'Bral. Faith and troth! you may find out that by yourself; for, by my shoul! I'll go and shew my new coat to the ladies; so, your servant Mr Justice. (*Exit.*)

Capt. O Mr Justice! let us after this cursed Irishman. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VII.

Phoebe and Lucy with two great coats on her arm.

Phoebe. So! to-morrow is the day appointed to sacrifice me to the arms of that hateful fellow; what pleasure can my father take to see me wretched?

Lucy. Indeed, Ma'am, you shall not be wretched; and mind that Lucy told you so; but try on this great coat if you please.

Phoebe. What do you mean by that Lucy?

Lucy. To prove what a great politician I am—you know, Ma'am, you have an uncle that lives between this and Philadelphia.

Phoebe. I know I have.

Lucy. Well let us fly this night to his house for protection.

Phoebe. O my dear little sweet Lucy, what a happy thought was that! and the great coats are to disguise us!

Lucy. Yes, yes, ma'am, they are intended to impose upon the centries, as it will be dark.

Phab. But what will my father say, when he misses us in the morning?

Lucy. And if you stay, what will Miss Phoebe say when she finds that she has exchanged her name for Mrs. Convict?

Phab. O dear Lucy, say no more; let us away.
Lucy. Yes, ma'am; but you do not consider that I lose my sweetheart by going.

Phab. That's true; is it possible; Lucy, that the French valet offers to make love to you.

Lucy. Indeed is it; but we'll say no more of that at present; you know time presses. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E VIII. The outside of the house.

Taylor solus.

Ods bodkins! to lose my coat, and get my head broke to the bargain; let me never draw another stitch, if I forgive him; if I were a blockhead, or a fool, it were nothing; but every body knows that I am as great a wit, as ever sat cross-legged on the head of a table.

Enter Sambo.

Sam. What you say, Massa?

Tayl. Get out of my sight you rascal, you're the serpent that sent me into the madman to get myself murdered.

Sam. Ay, ay, massa, did he give you dam treshing?

Tayl. Yes, and robb'd me too.

Sam. He! he! ho! ho! ho! ecod, you like me—he many time give me dam treshing too: he! he! ho! he very good at dat.

Tayl. You impudent scoundrel, do you make game of me—you bull-headed savage, I'll bleach your black hide for you.

Sam. No, no, massa, you go tell the enemy.

Tayl. What's that?—Odds my life your right, I'll go and lead the enemy to this very house—O sweet revenge! before to-morrow morning I'll have satisfaction—the dog! to beat me like a beast; but I'll shew him that I'm no coward—no! thank heaven, I have courage enough, if I knew how to use it. I'll cut out a little work for him, I'm resolv'd; so farewell neighbour. *(Exit.)*

Sam. farewell, massa—Dam my massa, he's the devil; nothing he give poor Sambo but kick, kick, and od damn; massa say Sambo fool, but Sambo say massa dam liar, and Sambo fix massa after all.

A I R

A I R IX.

Since me came from Guinea, my massa continue,

To give me the damnable kick;

For both night and day, 'od dam he will say,

And then give poor Sambo a kick.

But here come somebody, ecod I no peak nother word by the life o' Farie. *(Exit.)*

S C E N E IX. *A parlour.*

Justice and Captain reading a letter.

Capt. Well, Justice, this letter contains a most abominable plot—what do you think, Sir, it comes from Mr M'Indusk, and I find that he has wrote to O'Brallachan at the same time, but by some blunder or other, he has directed the letter intended for him, to me, and I don't doubt but he has received mine through the same mistake; if you please, you may hear the contents. *(Reads.)*

“To Captain Convict,”

“Dear Countryman,”

“I take this opportunity to inform you, I wrote to Captain Convict, to flatter him to set me at liberty; which if he does, I hope to meet you in a few hours, in order to consult how we are to make our escape: I'll tell you my reason for it hereafter—when you read this burn it. So I conclude by wishing that the gallows-faced rascal may soon end his days in a widdie—yours &c.

“DUNCAN M'INDUSK.”

Just. A very elegant stile indeed! but Captain, I fear the letter is forged, 'tis something above M'Indusk's ordinary stile I think.

Capt. O! I'll warrant you 'tis his Sir, for these Scotchmen have too stiles, one for speaking and another for writing; and though they have a dialect peculiar to themselves; yet in their writings they come pretty near other people—However, I'm glad that I have discovered his treachery, which I must look after. *(Enter Doctor La Mort.)* Your humble servant Doctor, I'm happy to see you.

Doct. Tank you, Monsieur.

Capt. Well Sir, how did you speed with the young lady in my behalf?

Doct. O very well, Monsieur, but you must have de great share

share of de philosophy to bear with de great patience, de lady's denial.

Capt. I'll tell you what Doctor, you may preach patience to old women, but we military gentlemen are strangers to such meanness—death and fury! what's patience to a son of Mars! whose very soul like the powder that he uses, should blaze with the least spark of provocation, till he consumes all those that dare oppose him? (*Firing without; The Doctor trembles, the Captain appears confus'd.*) Hark! what means that? I fear we are attacked—who's without there? (*They go out and return with Phœbe and Lucy, prisoners disguised in great coats.*)

(*Just. Entering.*) Come away boys, come away.

Capt. We've caught them, we've caught them, thanks to my arm, we've caught them, Zounds! what a fine thing it is to see an engagement; how we drove them off in hundreds and in thousands—

Just. Hundreds and thousands, why Captain, I thought there were no more than what we have taken, by the life of Pharaoh!

Capt. No! that's because you stay'd in the rear; but I believe I saw them, and some of them felt the weight of my arm too.

Just. Well, well, it may be so, but let's examine our prisoners, they seem to hide their faces.

Capt. They do, but Justice stand you back; they may have weapons conceal'd under their great coats; for I'll warrant they're persons of some rank, come to spy our condition.

Just. (*Starting back.*) So they may, by the life of Pharaoh!

Capt. Doctor, advance in the front, and I'll attack them in the rear.

Doct. Ouy! ouy! prenez garde, prenez garde, Monsieur.

Capt. Prisoners, lay down your arms, if you have any conceal'd about you.

Phœb. (*Discovering herself.*) We have none, but womens weapons, our tongues.

Lucy. And nails too, if there's occasion for their use.

Capt. Distraction!

Doct. Parbleu! Diable! vat you mean by dis, Madam?

Just. 'Tis Phœbe, by the life of Pharaoh! Get out of my sight this moment I say, you impudent huffie.

(*Driving them out.*)

Lucy.

Lucy. (*Looking back.*) What a fine thing it is to see an engagement, Captain!

Phœb. How we drove them off in hundreds and thousands, Captain!

Lucy. I'll warrant, they felt the weight of my arm, noble Captain! champion!

Just. Come back here, Phœbe, and hear what I have to say for once and all. Go this moment, and get yourself ready to marry the Captain this night; for I'll send for Mr Sathiel the Parson, immediately. Away to your chamber.

(*Exit Justice and Doctor with Phœbe and Lucy.*
Captain *solus.*

Well, 'tis a strange thing that this girl runs for ever in my head, and yet she doats on that Lovewell; but I must fall upon some method to draw her attention from him, and thanks to my stars, this very night affords me a favourable opportunity, as M^r Indusk writes that he intends to desert us, I'll go immediately and watch his motions, and if I do catch him, I'll exhibit him as a shew to grace my nuptials. Poor M^r Indusk! you'll be caught in your own snare.

A I R X.

*Little Reynard, cunning fox,
Comes to steal our hens and cocks;
There's not a scheme but he'll essay,
Before he wants his fav'rite prey;
If we're apprized 'tis in vain,
He sets to work his fertile brain;
For, in the snare which he has cast,
The fool himself is caught at last.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Phœbe and Lucy.

Lucy. O La, Ma'am, what a discovery have I made!

Phœb. What discovery have you made?

Lucy. What do you think, my little French lover has turned out to be a fine Lady, that followed the French Doctor from France, in the station of a valet.

Phœb. Is it possible?

Lucy.

THE COUP DE MAIN.

Lucy. Indeed is it; I left her to dress herself in a gown of yours; she'll be here this instant to wait upon you.

Phab. Well, that's amazing; can she speak English?

Lucy. Exceeding well; she tells me that she's born of English parents—and here she comes.

Enter Mademoiselle Le Blond.

Phab. Madam, I'm surpris'd at what Lucy has been telling me—the Doctor was certainly to blame for putting you to the necessity of using such a stratagem.

M. Le Bl. Alas, Ma'am, men are often deceitful, and women too credulous; would they but attack us like foes, then we should know how to defend ourselves; but 'tis our misfortune, that they commonly court us under false colours, and never shew themselves to be enemies, till we have gone too far to retreat.

A I R. VIII.

*The hare that is hunted to the covert can fly,
When the bounds and the huntsmen she sees;
But woman, poor woman, oh! where can you run,
From the treach'ry of mankind, sad ruin to shun?
When Damon first saw me, a nymph on the plain,
His passion he breath'd in a soft melting strain;
He courted, he flatter'd, and call'd me most fair,
But when I consented, left me to despair.*

Phab. Well, Ma'am, I believe I can be of some service to you, as the Doctor pretends a passion for me, I'll seem to favour him, as we expect a parson here to night, we shall try what we can do.

M. Le Bl. I know he has entertained a passion for you, which made me pretend to court Lucy, in order to learn all the particulars of it.

Phab. Come then, let's retire, where we may consult about this matter.

S C E N E II.

O'Brallachan with a letter, Sambo waiting.

O'Bral. Arra! you thief, why didn't you give me this letter before.

Sambo. Wounds, massa! devil couldnt find you.

O'Bral. Well, go about your business, till I look over it.
(Exit Sambo.) (reads.) "Dear Captain:" (by my consci-

ence

ence I am a captain then). "I'm sorry I gave you occasion to "confine me" (the devil did I confine him, this was surely when I was drunk, now ohon this drink is the devil) "if you "please to set me at liberty, my future behaviour will make "amends for my past error." By my shoul, my dear, I will set you at liberty, "such a generous action will surely prove "very agreeable to Miss Phœbe, who loves you as her own life." (By my conscience I'm much obliged to her.) "I "shall wait with impatience for your answer." Faith and troth! I will send you an answer by myself, immediately.

"So I remain yours,

"DANIEL M'INDUSK."

Well, I am glad that Miss Phœbe loves me, and I'll go this moment and put my ear to her key-hole, to see what she's about, and then I'll let Mr M'Indusk at liberty. (*Exit.*

S C E N E III. Phœbe's room.

Doctor La Mort, Phœbe and Lucy.

Phœb. Well, but doctor, if I should consent so soon, I am afraid you wou'd think me too easy won, and consequently despise so cheap a conquest.

Doct. By gar! madam, me love de enemie dat surrender at discretion, dat save me de great danger, de fatigue, de siege, and de storm; and again, in the art of love, me love de lady dat consent at one, two, three time, to save me de great many tear, de sigh, and de great perplexity of de 'art.

Phœb. Well then, doctor, I suppose we may lay aside all ceremony, as the nature of our business requires the utmost dispatch.

Doct. O no ceremony in de vorld, madam.

Phœb. Then, Sir, you know that my father has sent for the parson, to join me in marriage, with a man that I hate; will you venture to meet Mr Salathiel, before he enters the house, and pass for Captain Convict? I suppose, I need not direct you any further how to behave upon this occasion.

Doct. Ah mon chere fille, by gar, me vill shew you dat me vill be'ave with de great vonder and surprize.

Phœb. Pray you make haste then, and secure the parson; I'll wait with impatience for your return.

Doct. Ouy, ouy, Madam, me go, ho, ho, ha, me vill laugh to see how de Capataine vill be'ave ven he see me married.

(*Exit capering.*
Phœb.

Phœb. Now, Lucy, thus far we have succeeded ; but while I endeavour to promote the happiness of others, I see no prospect of my own ; however, I am resolved never to marry Captain Convict, while another possesses my heart.

A I R XII.

Tweedside.

*Why am I ye powers above,
Made wretched thro' all the long day ?*

*Why taught ye my heart first to love,
And then took the object away ?*

*Alas ! had I never been blest,
My tongue had not learn'd to complain,
Must the moments of bliss I possess,
Be repaid with long ages of pain ?*

O' Bral. (Aside.) Blood and turf ! now only hear that this is me she means. M'Indusk is right enough, she loves me to be sure.

Lucy. Captain Convict ! a fine gentleman indeed ; how unlike is he to your dear Captain ? O the charming man ; how sweetly he sings !

O' Bral. (Aside.) By my shoul, and so I do ; and I drink grog like a fish.

Lucy. And how sprightly and genteel !

Phœb. Lucy, what need you mention any more of his good qualifications ? the world knows that he is quite the reverse of Captain Convict.

O' Bral. (Rushing in.) Devil fire me ! but that is true, he never will be like me, the poultry whippersnapper, so he won't now.

Phœb. (Starting.) Oh ! Lucy.

O' Bral. A chuis le machrie ! what need you think shame now, when I heard you confess to yourself that you love me ?

Lucy. (Winking to Phœbe.) Well, Sir, so she does love you, but what signifies that, you know she's to be married to Captain Convict to night, if you don't prevent it.

O' Bral. Is it Captain Convict, the whey fac'd thief, to fight with me to day, till he cut me into the skin, but I'll be revenged upon the rogue. What would you think Madam, to be after running away, and leaving the rascal behind us.

Phœb. I should like it very well, but how shall we avoid the centries ?

O' Bral.

O'Brat. O my jewel, take no thought about that; for I have three countrymen on guard, and this very night about one o'clock in the morning they'll be on centry, and you know I can tip them the wink with my finger. Och, by my conscience! we'll do very well; and let the Captain stay and be hang'd.

A I R XIII.

Lumps of Puddings.

*For when he is sleeping, we'll all march away;
And if he should follow, as likely he may,
I'll take my shilely as I did before;
By my shoul he shall feel it, the son of a whore.
Then if he should offer to draw out his sword,
I'll make him repent it, you may take my word,
So let us be chearful, 'tis needless to grieve,
Our foes shall ne'er kill us so long as we live.*

But dear Madam I'm quite hoarse; but I must be after taking my leave, till I set Mr M-Indusk at liberty, and I hope you'll have something for my countrymen to drink; and Lucy do you mind me, put on the kettle, for one of them is something of a Doctor, and says that 'tis always best for the constitution to drink every thing warm at night.

Lucy. He must be a skilful man I find.

O'Brat. My conscience! he's a brave lad, always says he drink every thing warm, if it was but a drink of cold water. *(Exit.)*

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha, what a blundering fellow!

Phœb. Well, never mind that, Lucy, he may answer our purpose, if he has any interest with the centries—how unexpectedly has fortune thrown this fellow in our way—one o'clock, I think he said; by that time the Doctor will be married; and every thing goes on exceeding well. *(Exeunt.)*

Justice solus.

Who the plague could it be that assisted my daughter in her intended flight? Let me consider now—by the life of Pharaoh, I have it; it must have been M-Indusk, every circumstance corresponds with the contents of his letter, as he mentions his design to desert us, he must have bribed some of the centries to let him go; now there's a notion come into my head, that I shall go and dress myself like him, and imitate his voice as near as possible, then go round the centries till I have discovered the plot. 'Tis one happy circumstance

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that

that I have learned the Scotch dialect from some of our transports: "Sawny, Sawny, whare's your mull?" By the life of Pharaoh it will do, if I can accomplish this design, the Captain must allow that I'm a very able politician. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV. *Near the Guardhouse.*

O'Brallachan, M'Indusk and a Centry.

O'Bral. And do you say you thief, that you won't let him go when I order you to do it?

Centry. Weaunds! Sir, don't you know that I must be answerable for him to the serjeant of the guard?

O'Bral. Get out you mere spalpeen; do you speak to me of your serjeant of the guard? don't you know that I am a Captain?

Centry. No, Sir, I don't know whether you are or not, not I.

O'Bral. Don't you? then I'll make this shilely teach you. (*Beats him away.*) Now, Mr M'Indusk you're at liberty.

Lt. M'In. Weel I wat am I, and I thank you for't.

O'Bral. Now my dear, that's for the kind letter you sent me, but I'm sorry I confin'd you though when I was drunk.

Lt. M'In. What do you say, Sir? did you confine me?

O'Bral. To be sure, you know I did; but let's away to the young Lady, and get a toothful of grog before we set off; for do you mind me, she's going to run off with me to night.

Lt. M'In. Run off wi' you, ha, ha, ha, I doubt your head is something the war' o' the wearing, Mr O'Brallachan.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Captain Convict and a Centry.

Capt. Now, friend, I'll creep down beside you here, and if you see or hear any thing of M'Indusk who intends to break from his confinement, be sure to alarm me, that I may seize the traitor, and cram him into a bag, to divert the Justice and his daughter.

Enter Justice at a distance, dressed like M'Indusk.

Just. (*Aside.*) Now with this disguise, and the darkness of the night, I think I may pass for Lieutenant M'Indusk.

Capt. Hush! here he comes—challenge him.

Centry. Who's there?

Just. (*Advancing.*) Whist! it's your friend M'Indusk; ye ken

THE COUP DE MAIN.

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ken my lad, ye was to let me rin awa' for some fillar; ha'd your hand, I'm just going awa' to Philadelphia.

Capt. (Springs up and knocks him down.) Are you so? Confound you but I'll prevent your march, though. Hollo! you soldiers with the bag—*(Enter two Soldiers with a bag.)* in with him my boys, in with him; *(they put him in.)* now, come along with him my—*(They carry him off.)*

SCENE V. Phœbe's chamber darken'd.

Mademoiselle dress'd like Phœbe, Lucy attending.

Lucy. Now, madam, you must take care how you behave, and cover your face with your handkerchief, and be sure to avoid speaking, if possible, hush here he comes.

Enters Doctor Lamort.

Doct. Vere are you madam, de priest wait with impatience.

Lucy. She's quite ready, but you must not expect any answer from her, as she has made a vow never to speak a word, till she has it in her power to thank her fate for the honor of being your wife.

Doct. By gar dat be de glorious plan, come madam, de priest make us happy, allons, allons. *(he leads her off.)*

SCENE VI. Captain Convict's chamber.

Captain and Soldiers carrying a Bag.

Capt. Come away with him, my boys, I wish my friend the Justice was present; I'm sure this scene wou'd divert him, even the stern Phœbe herself must favor us with an involuntary smile, when she sees my assiduity to please her.

Enter O'Brallachan and M'Indusk.

Capt. Good heavens, can I believe my eyes, or does some Phantom deceive my sight; can this be M'Indusk, it must, I'll speak to him—why in the name of wonder, Mr M'Indusk, how comes it about that I see you standing there, when I have you tied up hard and fast in this bag.

Lt. M'In. Wha, me tyed up in that pock, ha, ha, ha, that's a bra' story weel I wat.

Capt. Did'nt I put you in this bag? answer me that question.

Lt. M'In. Diel speed me! gin-e'er I heard the like o' this now.

Capt. I tell you over and over again, Sir, that I put you into this bag, with my own hands, and now since you stand there; who the devil have we got here? *(beats the Bag.)*

C 2

Lt. M'In.

Lt. M'In. Lay on weel, lay on weel, de'il speed them that hinders you.

Capt. I'll lay on and be at the bottom of this mystery I'll warrant, (*Beats him.*)

Just. (*From the bag.*) In the name of all that's frightful, leave off; O my shoulders.

Capt. Good Lord! that's the Justice's voice. Soldiers open the bag, (*They open it, he leaps out.*) Heavens what's this, am I enchanted!

Just. I swear you have enchanted my head and shoulders at any rate: I find this scheme did not take; well, I'll try no more experiments, by the life of Pharaoh?

Capt. Experiments, egad! you may call it experiments indeed; but in the name of wonder, how fell we into this blunder Justice?

Just. Why, Sir, I disguis'd myself in this manner, with an intention to find out if M'Indusk had bribed any of the centries to let him go; but when I came up to one of them, I was knocked down and deprived of my senses by the blow; and after coming to myself, not knowing what hands I had fallen into; Iye snug said I to myself, Iye snug was the word, Sir; but your stick soon made me break through my resolution tho'.

Capt. Well, 'twas a pity, however, I must own that your scheme was very political, if it had not miscarried.

Just. Political indeed, quotha! but if this be the fruits of politics, the devil may turn politician for me again if he chuse.

Capt. I'm sorry for it indeed, Sir, but will you please to go and shift yourself, from your metamorphosis, till I speak to these two gentlemen.

Just. I will, I will, Sir, and as often as I hear of politics for the future, I shall always think of a pair of sore shoulders.

(*Exit Justice.*)

Capt. (*To O'Brallachan and Lieutenant M'Indusk*) Now, Gentlemen, I am very well informed of your diabolical plan of desertion, for which Mr M'Indusk, you shall return to your confinement, and Mr O'Brallachan you shall attend him, for setting him at liberty without my orders.

Lt. M'In. Weel, weel, I see we must submit, for when the dyke is laigh, it's easy loupén o'er.

O'Bral. Devil fire me, but I'll make my fist dance a horn-pipe about your ears, my jewel.

(*Capt.*)

Capt. Will you, but I'll have a guard to secure you though, my friend. *(Exit.)*

O'Brat. By the turf! let's secure ourselves, M-Indusk, come along. *(Exit opposite to Captain Convict.)*

SCENE VII.

Justice meeting Lucy.

Just. Where is your mistress, Lucy? I met Salathiel the parson just now, and when I told him that he must marry my daughter to the Captain, why he told me the job was over already.

Lucy. The job over, Sir.

Just. Yes, he told me that they took him into a dark room, where he perform'd the ceremony to the satisfaction of both parties.

Lucy (Aside.) ha, ha, I find the parson has done business for the French doctor and his lady, and yet he thinks that he has married the captain and my mistress. *(Exit.)*

Enter Captain Convict.

Just. Your servant captain, I wish you much joy, you're a fine gentleman indeed, ha, ha, ha.

Capt. You wish me much joy, pray of what, Sir.

Just. Come, come, captain, make no words about it, I'm very well satisfied with my daughter: O the cunning little gipsy. I'm very well satisfied.

Capt. The devil you are, but I'm very far from being well satisfied tho'.

Just. What do you mean, captain.

Capt. What do I mean, I tell you, Sir, that I shou'd have neither meaning nor reason, when I saw your daughter walking arm and arm with the French doctor.

Just. Ods bubs I'll lay 'tis the Doctor she has married then.

Capt. Married! what, is she married?

Just. Ay is she by Mr Salathiel, O cursed mistake!

Capt. Married! death to all my hopes, I'll run distracted!

Enter Doctor leading Mademoiselle.

Capt. Doctor Lamort, is this a suitable return for our hospitality and kindness, wounds, Sir, how dare you show your face after such treachery.

Doct. By gar monsieur, me tell a you de lady love me, and monsieur La Mort 'ave de too tender 'art, to resist de charm of de fine lady.

Capt. But I tell you that she's mine by virtue of a prior engagement, so, Sir, in the name of the honourable Congress, I seize her as my property.

Doct. Den is de name of de France king me seize her, as my wife and my lord protect her, (*Drawing.*

Capt. I'll shew that I wear a sword as well as you, (*Drawing.*

M. Le Bl. (*Discovering herself.*) Ah dear gentlemen forbear.

Doct. (*Starting.*) Ah mon dieu vat my eyes behold Madam-oiselle Le Blond.

M. Le Bl. The very same, Sir.

Doct. Parbleu vat bring you here?

M. Le Bl. I came here with you my dear master, but now my loving husband, what don't you know your valet monsieur?

Doct. Oh den me understand Le Ciel nous conserve, let me out of dis house of enchantment, and by gar madam you leave my presence.

M. Le Bl. Most barbarous man, and will you use me so—have you forgot how many hours and days of pain it cost you to gain that heart which you now despise.

A I R XIV. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

Long years of pleasures like a dream,

Soon are forgot when over;

An hour of pain an age doth seem,

To the desponding lover.

My Strephon once was blythe and gay,

No shepherd e'er was kinder;

If Chloë ever chanc'd to stray,

Each grove he rang'd to find her.

To me he told his love-sick tale,

In words so soft and tender;

His flattering tongue did soon prevail,

Ah why did I surrender.

For now he roves from shore to shore,

Regardless of my ruin;

And I who prov'd so coy before,

Am now myself pursuing.

Doct. Get you gone you, (*drives her out.*

Just. O fye Sir, how can you behave so ill to your wife, now captain let's go and find my daughter, Mr Salathiel shall soon

soon put it out of the power of mischance to play us any more such tricks.

Capt. With all my heart. *(Exit with the Justice.)*

Doct. And I'll go and drown her memory in a glass of wine.

(Exit.)

S C E N E VII. *Parlour.*

Monsieur La Mort, with a table, a bottle, and glass before him, Sambo attending.

Doct. Come, fill me a glass, dat I may forget my sorrow, and my care. Humph, Miss Phœbe, you put de trick upon me; but no matter.

A I R XIV.

Let her go and never mind her,

Though she were as fair again;

She has left a cure behind her,

To relieve me from my pain.

Dat's de smiling glass and bottle,

Which more wise instruction shew,

Dan de famous Aristotle

Did some hundred years ago.

Sam. Ay massa, let her go.

Doct. Silence paltroon—ah, vat mean dis sleep? I can't hold up my head. *(Falls asleep.)*

Sam. What, you sleep massa? dam, you no answer—you fall off chair, but me take care chair no fall off you. *(Sambo lays him to the chair.)* Now take you rest massie. *(Fills up a glass and sings.)* “Lettie go and never mindie.” *(Drinks)* aha, *(Fills again and sings.)* “Lettie go and never mindie.” *(Drinks.)* aha, *(Enter Captain Conviêt, Justice, and Lucy following.)* Ecod here company comes.

(Runs off with the bottle, with both hands at his mouth.)

Capt. Who the plague have we got here? the Doctor fast asleep?

Just. So it is by the life of Pharaoh; don't disturb him; sleep is a kind friend to the distressed; it makes them for a while forget their sorrow.

Capt. Now madam, as the parson will soon be here, will you crown my happiness by consenting to be mine for ever? No; I find your silence explains your unwillingness.

Just. Come Phœbe, lay aside your shyness, and know that my experience, like a skillful pilot shall steer your course be-

tween the hidden rocks and quicksands of life, on which many a poor ignorant young thing has been wrecked. What do you say?

Phœb. What can I say Sir? only if you are determined that I must die, and that Captain Convict must be the executioner, let him plunge his sword in my breast. Here I am ready.

Just. No, no, let him rather plunge it in his rival's breast; that will answer the purpose better.

Capt. If ever I meet him Justice—

A I R. XV. *About the Cauldron.*

If fortune puts him in my way,

Where thund'ring cannons rattle,

I'll make him curse the fatal day,

That e'er we met in battle.

As noble Hector of old in Troy,

In anger slew the Grecians,

My brandish'd sword wou'd soon destroy,

Both him and his relations.

Just. Come Captain, take hold of her hand and lead her away.

Phœb. Hold away, Sir, I hate and despise you, I detest the very sight of you; death will be a thousand times more welcome.

Capt. Come Madam, you know I have you in my power, and your English champion is too far away to relieve you.

(He struggles for her hand.)

Phœb. Good heaven! is there no power on earth to relieve me from destruction!

(Drums beat, firing, and a great noise are heard without; the Doctor starts up and the chair on his back, he runs about in confusion; Phœbe and Lucy run out, the Doctor after them; the Justice creeps under the table; Captain Lovewell and British Soldiers with the Taylor enter, Captain Convict stands confus'd.)

Capt. Confusion! 'tis Lovewell himself!

Lovew. Hollo, who have we got here? Ha, my old friend Captain Convict, let me never prosper but I'm proud to have the honour to meet you here, Sir; you and I have long been rivals, both in love and war. Now draw your sword; it shall never be said that I took you at a disadvantage.

Capt.

Capt. Hold a little I beseech you, Sir, till I speak to you.

Lovew. Draw your sword, Sir—

(*Captain Conviſt retreats backward, Sambo enters behind him and puts his ſhoulder to his back, and pushes him forward.*)

Sam. Aha maſſi, dam you heart, what you kick a me now; hollo ſtand up you no fear when you kick a me.

Capt. Diſtraction! attacked by my enemy in my front, and inſulted by my ſlave in my rear; a pretty condition I'm in, faith. *(Aſide.)*

Lovew. Will you draw or I'll pin you to the wall, you cowardly paltroon.

(*He makes a push, Captain Conviſt retreats backward and tumbles over Sambo.*) *(Exit Sambo.)*

Capt. (*Getting up.*) Captain Lovewell, I ſubmit—fortune has given you the advantage, and I hope, you'll uſe it with moderation—here I reſign my ſword and Miſtreſs to your arms.

Juſt (*From under the table.*) And I conſent to the match, providing they neither take my life, nor plunder my houſe.

Lovew. Whoſe voice is that I hear? ſure 'tis the Juſtice's; where in the name of wonder is he?

Juſt. (*Coming out.*) Here, here, boy, ready to perform every article of my promiſe, by the life of Pharaoh—Phœbe, hollo, Phœbe, where are you my bird? Here, here, this way. *Enter Phœbe and Lucy; Phœbe ſeeing Lovewell, faints, he flies to her.*

Lovew. My life, my ſoul, do I behold you once again? open thy eyes, and behold thy faithful lover—Oh, Phœbe, will you not ſpeak to your own Lovewell? have you forgot me then?

Phœb. (*Reviving.*) Heavens! am I awake! if this proves not a deluſion, how happy I am! but remember my poor father.

Lovew. Fear nothing, be aſſured I will protect both him and you from every inſult.

Phœb. Then tell me what unexpected turn of fortune has brought you thus to my relief, when I was on the very brink of ruin?

Lovew. The time will not now allow it, another time I'll tell you all.

Enter O'Brallachan dragging in Lient M-Induſk in one hand, and in the other the Doctor, with the chair upon his back.

Lovew. Whom have we here?

O'Bral. O by my ſhoul, but you ſhall come forward, by the

the turf boys of the land of Shillelah, I have ye safe ye thieves. There Captain, devil burn me if I know your name. though no matter for that, here are a pair of prisoners I have taken for you.

Lovew. And pray Sir, who are you who are so mighty officious?

O'Bral. Who am I! Why, my name's O'Brallachan, honey; Captain O'Brallachan I was to have been, when my commission came from the Congress; but by the powers of St Patrick, they have been humbugging me, and the devil a commission have I at all at all; and so honey I have brought you these two thieves of the world, in hopes that you'll get me a commission in the British army by way of reward; or, by the god of war! I must have a commission some how or other, now.

Lt. M'In. Hoot awa', ye're a disgrace to your Quintra, to change sides after ye profess'd yoursell a volunteer in the service of America—Captain I'm your prisoner, and I hope to receive the honours of war.

Lovew. That you may rely upon, Sir, and however your prejudice may have misled you all, be assured of receiving honourable treatment at my hands.

Enter Mademoiselle, who cuts away the chair.

Doff. Hey! vat, is dis my wife?

M. Le Bl. I am, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Doff. Come to my arm, I vill love a you, de tout mon coeur, for ever.

Just. Well, Captain Lovewell, I find I am at once both your father and prisoner.

Lovew. The first I hope I shall have the happiness of obtaining a title to, to-morrow, and I trust you will retire within the British lines, where you shall enjoy your free liberty; your effects shall be immediately conveyed there, by the party I have the honour to command—And, O my dear Phœbe, what a happiness do I feel at the thought of calling you mine.

Phœb. Diffimulation were a crime—that hour which joins our hands completes my happiness; but let me bespeak your favour in behalf of these gentlemen.

Lovew. For you gentlemen, for the sake of my dear Phœbe, you shall be at liberty to pursue your own inclination, provided I have your words and honours never to draw your swords against the British arms.

L. M'In. I pledge my soul to obey your injunctions. I'll
awa'

awa' by the first ship to Edinburgh, to my ain relations, and follow the calling the auld honest carle my father bred me to.

(Exit.)

O'Brat. Arra, Captain, won't you be after providing for me, now? give me a commission, if 'tis but a serjeant's commission; faith I'll be honest and faithful, only I'll take a sup of grog some times though.

Lovew. With all my heart; you're a tight fellow, and I'll make you a serjeant, but you must beware of getting drunk upon duty.

O'Brat. Drunk upon duty—by my conscience, no, I think I'm doing my duty best when I'm drinking—but devil burn me if ever I finish from the foe or the bottle, while I have either to look me in the face.

Phab. Now, my fears and cares are over—all is peace here; and I hope you're all friends. Lucy, my trusty Lucy, you shall partake of my happiness—

Lovew. That she shall, and I shall always esteem her for her fidelity to you.

Just. Then take my daughter, Captain Lovewell, you best deserve her, by the life of Pharaoh.

A I R XVII.

Woo'd an' married an' a'.

Capt. Conviſt. Dear Sir, if you think he's our betters,

He's welcome to take her for me;

When he's bound in wedlock's hard fetters,

Perhaps he wou'd wish to be free.

Since she's gone my blessing go with her,

For I find we ne'er cou'd agree;

If I wed I may soon find another,

That may be as handsome as she.

But who'd a married man be,

But who'd a married man be.

When every day we see plainly,

How wives and husbands agree?

Lucy. So Reynard we're told in the fable,

Once spoke of the fruit on the tree;

Since he to come at it wan't able,

He seem'd to despise it like thee.

So Captain you're welcome to take her, (To Lovewell.)

And great may your happiness be;

What e'er they intended to make her,

Kind fate had design'd her for thee.

THE COUP DE MAIN.

*Who are so happy as we,
Who are so happy as we,
This night we shall have a wedding,
Where both the parties agree.*

*Phœbe. I own tho' your person I hated,
When love you pretended for me ;
Now I find your scheme is defeated,
No longer your foe I can be.
Since war is your noble profession,
Then think what a hero should be,
My heart in another's possession,
What pleasure cou'd you take in me.
Who are so happy as we,
Who are so happy as we,
That marriage must surely be happy,
Where both the parties agree.*

*O' Brallachan. By my shoul 'tis a happy condition,
Where both the three parties agree ;
If I had but my serjeant's commission,
I wou'd drink to you chuis le machrie.
I'll take one long draught at your wedding,
If you please to bestow it on me ;
And I'll warrant I'll need no great bidding,
If the grog is well mixt to take three.
Who are so happy as we,
Who are so happy as we,
By my shoul 'tis a happy condition,
Where both the three parties agree.*

*Omnes. The Author now begs you'll forgive him,
For every fault that there be ;
And if from the critics you save him,
He'll thank you upon his bare knee.
If this piece which he owns he comes short in,
Has yielded you any delight,
By your leave we will drop down the curtain,
And Ladies we wish you good night.
Who are so happy as we,
Who are so happy as we,
When this night we so kindly are favour'd.
With so much good company.*

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F I N I S.

ERRATA.

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|----|----|--|
| 8 | 3 | for <i>duty</i> read <i>beauty</i> . |
| 12 | 7 | for <i>folie</i> read <i>jolio</i> . |
| — | 24 | for <i>brooked</i> read <i>crooked</i> . |
| 13 | 36 | for <i>book</i> read <i>cock</i> . |
| 15 | 6 | for <i>quand il</i> read <i>tandis qu'il</i> . |
| 19 | 3 | for <i>kick</i> read <i>lick</i> . |
| 22 | 18 | <i>When the bounds and the huntsmen she sees in full cry :</i> |
| 31 | 26 | for <i>lays</i> read <i>ties</i> . |